

# James Gang, Take A Look Around

You will never see me  
Walking round feeling low  
You will never hear, there  
Goes a man who doesn't know

Too many roads to walk  
Too many things to do  
Too many words to talk  
Moments too few

I don't think you know, though  
You've been told a million times  
It's not clear to see unless  
You read in between the lines

Look out your window  
When did it start?  
Nothing's for certain  
It's just a part

If you're feeling low, no  
And your world comes tumbling down  
If you see hard times, stop  
Better take a look around

Good things must end  
They never last  
Look to tomorrow  
Forget the past